

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 17.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 78

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

D. Skinner, W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, S. C. Bulkeley, Ed's.

PUBLISHING OFFICE 140 FULTON STREET, SECOND FLOOR.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SALVATION IN EVERY CHURCH.

A SERMON,

BY

ATHANASIUS COQUEREL,

PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH AT PARIS.

Delivered in le Temple de L'Oratoire, May 3d, 1840.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

"And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed."—Luke xvi, 26.

MY BRETHREN:—Christianity has, in our times, especially, need of union and of peace; and the most dangerous rock it meets with in the path of modern civilization, the obstacle which the most impedes its triumphs, is the spirit of discord, the tumult of dissensions incessantly arising between its churches, its priesthood, and its congregations. In the present century, it is true, Christianity is often deficient in zeal; one sees upon the threshold of all its temples, and sometimes at the greatest distance from its sanctuaries, the Christian slumbering in indifference, and, soon overpowered by his own lukewarmness, exclaiming again and again in his moral life, like the sluggard in the book of Proverbs, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber," vi. 10, forgetting that, while he sleeps, life passes away, and salvation is not secured. And we see around us Christianity frequently deficient in knowledge; here stands one immovable in the false light of half learning, losing sight of the substance, and grasping only the form, and suffering words to usurp the place of ideas; there, delights himself another, in the temerity of that pride which sees in heaven no greater light than in this world, tranquilly throwing contradictions in the face of the Almighty, and denying that the Holy Spirit can teach anything to man. But still more than in zeal and knowledge, Christianity is deficient in union. The noise of its disputes overpowers the voice of its instructions: the world, desirous of learning piety and seeking a school, is astonished and afflicted to find an arena; governments complain as well as the people; and the favorite objection which infidels agree (in spite of the different shades of their incredulity) in directing against the efforts of believers is this, "You yourselves dispute! Ministers and disciples of a God of peace, make peace amongst yourselves before you recommend it to the world; change into blessings your mutual cursings before we submit to your benedictions; and in order that your religion may be acknowledged for a law of love, begin by loving one another."

The past, you will say, imposes silence on these com-

plaints; intolerance has, in all ages, been the order of the day in the church: Jesus Christ himself has said, "I came not to send peace, but a sword," Matt. x. 34; and the eighteen centuries already passed of the Christian faith have but too faithfully verified the melancholy prophecy. Christianity has not allowed to paganism the sad distinction of making all the martyrs; itself has made them; the smoke of the pile has obscured the sun of justice; blood has flowed through the world, as if that of Calvary did not suffice; the church has put in its history other sufferings than those of the cross; and at the present day, when milder manners and wiser laws have left to intolerance only a voice to complain, it breaks out in lamentation an echo of its ancient anathemas, and fomented quarrels for want of being able to persecute. My brethren, true it is, discord has reigned in the church, and the time during which the disciples were of one heart and of one soul did not long continue. But, in the ages preceding ours, intolerance had passed into the manners, and no one was surprised to see it in the church; it had been erected into a social principle; it was formalised; its code was written; its arms were legal; exclusiveness was admitted as the natural law of Christendom; and the intolerance of another religious opinion was, out of one's church, acquiesced in as a traveler submits himself to the laws of a foreign legislation. To such a point had it arrived, that a regular interchange of anathemas and excommunications was established between every community. Our reformers, therefore, without causing surprise or compromising their cause, set out from freedom of inquiry to arrive at a dogmatism the most exclusive; and, after having been examined and concluded, they did not admit it could be allowed to any one to decide differently from themselves. It seems they were desirous of destroying the admirable instrument they had just discovered; that they wished to be the first and the last to make use of it. But liberty of examination is not a standard to be hoisted and taken down again at pleasure; the examination has continued; and to-day, when toleration, mutual respect, and the value of sincerity are opinions generally admitted, the people cannot comprehend why the war which has come to an end in society should be lasting in the church, and that the church should not imitate an example which she herself should have given. In a word, the manners of social life are pacific; those of religion must become so; toleration must pass from civil society into Christian society, under the penalty of placing each other in a state of opposition fatal to both. Civil wars are destructive to every empire, even to that of Religion. The experience of every day proves that the dissensions of her defenders do the greatest injury to the church; and the world, to which is continually proposed the *unity of spirit*, places instinctively, as St. Paul has done, charity above faith, and requires above every thing the *bond of peace*.

What, then, is the question in dispute? Upon what ground are these furious battles fought—battles without victors or vanquished, where each camp, amongst its other articles of faith, believes itself the conqueror, and raises and plants again its ensigns, momentarily perhaps thrown down? Upon what point turns and returns un-

ceasingly the discussion? Strange blindness of the human mind! The point in debate is not visible on earth, it is concealed in heaven; literally it is out of sight; it is veiled from our feeble regards by the tribunal itself before which we must all appear. The subject of so many disputes, the point always in debate, is heaven, pardon, salvation; and you will acknowledge, without doubt, that disputes would cease—every man would pursue his course in a quiet and holy emulation of charity, piety, and virtue—the sound of prayers would everywhere succeed to that of anathemas, were it but admitted that each man may be saved in his own church and by his own faith, would Christians but refrain from anticipating celestial justice, and not address prospectively to their brethren who do not believe as they believe, the terrible warning of Abraham to the rich man in the parable, Between you and us there will be a great gulf fixed.

This gulf I once again come before you to attempt to close. I have little hope of succeeding with those who are every day endeavoring to widen it; but I know that I shall encourage you to stand tranquilly on its brink, and to offer a fraternal hand, fraternal for time and eternity, to those even who refuse to take it. I shall attempt to prove to you that religious quarrels have neither importance nor signification, unless they terminate in this position: "I shall be saved by my faith, you will not be saved by yours." This will sufficiently prove that these deplorable disputes will cease, as soon as it shall be admitted that every one may work out his salvation in his own church, and that no Christian has a right to foresee a gulf between his neighbor and himself.

I. Is salvation possible for every christian in his own church, and by his own faith? Will there be, in a future state, a gulf between those who adopt a different faith—between those who know, who possess, who profess the christian verity, pure and without alloy, entire and without defect, and those whose souls have received only a faith incomplete and mingled with errors? In these terms this grand problem is proposed in all its rigor. The doctrines of little consequence, the truths of small importance are out of the question. I do not inquire if salvation is still possible, in spite of diversity of opinion upon these secondary points; but, in case of difference upon the most important truths; and having taken these precautions to avoid the snare of an adroit reply which seems to resolve, whilst it only evades, I bring you back to the question, I place you on the brink of the gulf.

In order that we may agree as to the expectation of salvation, it is indispensable that we should first agree as to the nature itself of that salvation, the hope of which is disputed. What, then, is that grace without which there is no salvation; that crown which no one but ourselves can remove from our brows; that *one thing needful*, needful, to that degree that Jesus, to procure it for us, thought not the price of the cross too great? The salvation of the soul is nothing but the eternal and heavenly sanctification of all our faculties—the will purified and rendered capable of every good work—the reason enlightened and rendered fit for all truth—the change of all our selfish and shameful passions into a generous and holy feeling—the death of egotism and the immortality of love, especially of the love of God, which ought to exceed every other affection,—the complete re-establishment of our relations with God—the intimate union of the creature and the Creator. In other words, and to say all in a word, salvation is progress,—not in the poor and miserable sense of this term upon earth, where we measure our return towards virtue by the depth of our fall, and not by the glory of our primitive destiny—but progress understood in a sense divine, celestial, eternal—progress with eternity for its duration, infinity for its path, and God, God himself, for its end. Thus conceived,

salvation suffices for every purpose; it envelops the entire man; it omits nothing which is human; it will render in us heavenly what to-day is earthly; our conscience, because we must act; our reason, because we must understand; our sensibility, because we must love; our faith itself, our piety, our worship, our love for God and for Christ, because then will be fully heard the prayer of our Savior for his disciples, "that they also may be [one in us." John, xvii. 21.

This simple and solemn definition of salvation omits neither the idea of happiness nor of pardon. Happiness! A moral, intellectual, sensitive religious being cannot be happy, unless there be traced out for him a continually ascending line of knowledge, holiness, and love. To give him less, to endow him otherwise, would be to cast him violently out of his nature; created for the light, it would be to send him to seek his happiness in darkness. Pardon!—The pardon of a being essentially perfectible, who is commanded to become continually better, consists in the means of quitting evil and returning to good; and the proof of it is that pardon is impossible, that it cannot exist, without repentance and amendment. God does not reconcile himself to his children fallen under the fatal empire of sin and deceit, without leading them back under his own, and restoring their souls by the love of truth and the practice of virtue; and to obtain the pardon of God, is to prostrate ourselves in penitence to the earth, in order to rise again in sanctification. The elect, the friend, the purchased of Christ, entering into that abode of supreme felicity to which Christ introduces him, is still but a man, yet a man such as God created him, such as he was before the fall; and in this sense redemption is of more value to us than creation; for creation gave happiness by an innocence which might be lost, and redemption gives happiness by a sanctification which will endure forever. The Master has told us, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect, holy as he is holy, merciful as he is merciful." These words were spoken not only for this world and for this life, but for heaven and for eternity; they are a ray of the sun of justice which traverses the tomb, shines beyond, and conducts us farther; they are a spark of fire from the car of Elias, which quits the earth, but mounts without ceasing to heaven; they are an illumination of the depths of eternity!—and salvation is nothing more than the means of marching forward in this unlimited path of glory and perfection, with the certainty of never recoiling.

Man was unable to raise himself to this height from the depths of evil to which he had descended; too many falsehoods separated him from truth, and prevented his loving it; too many iniquities drove Virtue far from him, and prevented his following her; he was too far from God to return to God. All the experience of antiquity attests it, and each of us may find the proof of it in his own heart. A general condemnation had passed upon mankind, universally sinful. In vain did man aspire after heaven; he knew so little of it that the grave appeared an obstacle. He came to believe that death is something by force of thinking that God is nothing; the evil continually gained ground and was always irreparable by human power. What man could not do, God has done. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son," John iii. 16. Jesus came to raise human nature, which, since the Gospel, stands erect. Evil, from Adam to Jesus, from Eden to Calvary, from the tree of the forbidden fruit to the tree of the cross—went on increasing; there it stops, it ceases to increase; it finds at Calvary an invincible barrier, and, since the preaching of the gospel, mankind, reconciled to God, advance from truth to truth, from virtue to virtue, and open for themselves, under the conduct of their glorified Savior and the safeguard of that grace which is sufficient for all, that

path of infinite perfection, which, commencing by feeble glimmerings in this life, is prolonged to that light where God dwells, "and whom no one hath seen nor can see," 1 Tim. vi. 16. Such is salvation in Christ; such the future, which He, to whom our life belongs, proposes to us; such the fruits of the sacrifice offered for us by him who is *the Way, the Truth, and the Life*.

From this definition of salvation that of Christianity easily follows; and that simple and grand thing called Christianity—which firmly attaches itself to all the interests and enters into all the labors of mankind; which shines before all eyes, as the sun shines even for those who do not love it—Christianity is but the means of salvation, the secret of the everlasting reconciliation between God and the world, the treaty of peace between the purified liberty of man and the inviolable holiness of God—a treaty sealed by Jesus on the cross where his sacrifice was accomplished, and upon his tomb where his triumph began.

II. If salvation be the definitive end to which Christ directs us, and if the whole of Christianity consists in the means of attaining it; if salvation be the restoration of man to his glory, his beauty, his primitive powers, a renovation of all the faculties of the mind, it is evident that every man must work out his own salvation, and it is evident that salvation must be the act of the individual himself. No one can undertake to work out my salvation for me; I may be assisted, encouraged, sustained in this labor of my entire life, in this seeking after a treasure which has no value for me except in my own possession, which leaves me entirely destitute if it belong not to me personally: but for any one to be my substitute in this work is impossible; my salvation must be my own, not yours; my spirit itself must drink at the divine source which purifies and restores for ever. It is no longer, as at the pool of Bethesda, necessary to be the first comer in order to be saved; it is enough for each to come in his turn. Yes, redemption is a universal grace, a common fund open for all; according to one justice shall every man receive justification, but each man will receive his own. What a light is thrown upon the mysteries of the future world by the intimate resemblance, notwithstanding so many happy differences, between this life and eternity; where every one will preserve his individuality, and find in his immortality a simple prolongation of his life; where every one will have his place at the right hand of God, as in this world he has his place to be born, to live, and to die. The human race will still be the human race; what we are, we shall still be, but with all that celestial improvement of which our nature will allow; and, according to the magnificent images of the Revelation of St. John, the crowns of the saints will be cast before the throne of the Lamb, but every one will cast his own. Christians! your salvation then will be at once similar and different; similar, because you are a family of brothers, children of one Father who is in heaven, and disciples of one Savior who descended from thence—similar, because truth, holiness, happiness, and love have the same foundation; and different, because no two human souls are precisely alike, but each comprehends, acts, adores, and loves after his own manner. "Drop down, ye heavens from above," saith the prophet, "and let the skies pour down righteousness," Isaiah xlv. 8. From age to age the dew descends from heaven on mankind, fertilizes the moral and religious life, nourishes in the plant the eternal sap, and each grain receives the drop of dew which is suited to it.

Thus to each is allotted his place in this world and in the next; and we know that "in my Father's house are many mansions," John, xiv. 2; to each his position, his education, his circumstances, his faculties, his duty, during life; to each his death; and to each, if he be saved,

his salvation. These are the tables of our mount Sinai, the sanction of our law, the inscription of the cross which each must take on himself to follow Christ. From these principles it follows, with irresistible evidence, that if I make use of the only means of salvation which mankind possess, of Christianity, according to the light which God has given me; if I labor conscientiously according to my share of light, which I have not chosen, but God has bestowed on me, to work out my salvation, I do well; I am in the right way; I am sure of my future eternal state; I cannot go astray; I cannot wander from God, desiring to advance towards him; I shall not be lost, I shall be saved; and no man is entitled to say unto me, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed! If no man does say so, peace will reign throughout all Christendom; every church, each saving her own faithful members, will cease to contend for salvation as an exclusive right, but share it with each other as a fraternal hope: no longer will there be a contention to throw down barriers, or to raise and strengthen them; emulation will show itself in works of charity, in the pursuit of knowledge, and in effusions of love; the name of Christ—"for there is none other under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12—will be pronounced by each Christian communion according to its own faith, and always the same name, the name of the Savior; the clouds of incense ascending from various altars will, before arriving at heaven, be mingled into one single perfume, and the communion of saints will be begun. But, if you build walls of separation, instead of levelling them to the ground—if you believe in a gulf instead of confessing that "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low," Isaiah xl. 4—if I must be saved by your faith alone, and not by my own—my brethren, the gulf exists not only in eternity, it is an abyss of this world; it is here before our eyes; discord becomes inevitable; war is renewed without hope of mediation or truce; Christendom becomes a battle-field, and every church an intrenched camp, for I cannot march in company with him who tells me, "You are destroying yourself, and those who listen to you are destroying themselves with you!" Then, truly, there is a gulf between me who say to you, your faith will save you, and you who reply to me that mine will destroy me.

III. This gulf is nowhere in the gospel. Oh! undoubtedly, when the gospel is read under the influence of a ready-made faith and a dogmatism already completely formed; when one's own convictions are sought for, and the gospel is viewed through a prism; when texts are separated in order to isolate menaces and promises; in short, when the Oriental or Mosaical images judged conformable to a favorite doctrine are understood literally, and the opposite passages are softened down, explained away, and reduced to figures, then, no doubt, the gulf will be found in the gospel.—I go farther: you may find there what you will; but to search factitious Scriptures, re-made by the hand of man, is pure waste of time; it is oneself to open the crevice of the cistern, whereby the living waters escape. But it deserves our admiration that the Supreme Legislator who will not permit any one to oppose to his justice that pretext which the laws of this world allow no one to allege, namely, ignorance of the law—has instructed us on the judgment which awaits us, with a clearness, a simplicity of expression, which leaves not the shadow of a doubt in a sincere mind. I open the Gospel, and I read, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad," 2 Cor. v. 10. Is it possible to declare in more decided terms, that every man will carry, so to say, his individuality before the supreme tribunal, and will withdraw from the pres-

ence of the Judge with a personal acquittal or condemnation? This judgment will depend on the law under which each person has lived: "For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law, and as many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law," Rom. ii. 12. The circumstances of our lot in life, our education, the degrees of our faculties, ought so manifestly to be taken into account, and influence the judgment which may be pronounced as to our salvation, that our divine Master himself has said, "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more," Luke xii. 48. Tyre and Sidon will, at the last day, be treated less severely than Bethsaida and Chorazin. According to St. James, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin," iv. 17: by the rule of contraries, to him that knoweth not to do good, to him it is not sin; if he were unable to learn it here below, he must be taught it in another world, otherwise why has God created him? And, according to St. Paul, "Where no law is, there is no transgression," Rom. iv. 15; as there is no faith where there is no revelation. But revelation, that is to say, the truth, awaits in heaven those who could not possibly attain it on this side the grave; thus only, will God, one day, be all in all.

IV. Supported by these teachings of the word of God, by these declarations of him who knows the sentence, for he will be the judge, and who knows what is salvation, for he is the Savior, I will now, my brethren, state the question with clear precision and simplicity. All men have sinned, and no one is able to save himself; Christianity, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Rom. i. 16, this Christianity, the instrument of salvation, can every one, with safety, avail himself of, and employ it in his own way? Look around, and you will perceive men, sinners and mortals like yourselves, all having, like you, a soul to be saved, a judgment to expect, and an immortality to receive; and these men, according to the opportunities of good or evil which have encompassed them from the cradle, according to the advantages or dangers of their education, according to the tendencies of their disposition, the powers of their mind, the examples of their associates, fortunate or unfortunate in the moral and religious atmosphere which they have breathed—these men, whether inhabitants of a miserable village where not a book is to be found, and especially not a Bible or a Testament, or of a metropolis resplendent in luxury and science—auditors, intelligent or not, of the sermons at the parish church, or of the discourse at their meeting house, have adopted or received, before or after the age of reason, a Christian faith, which, at the time, appeared to them the best, the only true, the only pure: and of these men, some acknowledge a priest over all priests God's vicegerent upon earth, the living representative of the divine infallibility; whilst others admit only of a priesthood, all whose members are equal, the humble interpreters of the inspired Scriptures, the sole infallible rule of faith; and of these men, some understand literally the words of our Lord, "This is my body," and believe that, at the moment certain words are pronounced by a human voice, the bread, existing no longer, shows in its stead the Lord himself, in body, in blood, in soul, and in Deity; whilst others see in the holy supper a simple memorial, and, in the expressions which Christ used, an image familiar to all the Oriental languages, in which the life and nourishment of the body continually represent the life and nourishment of the soul;—and of these men, lastly, some worship one God in three persons, and adding, by way of explanation, three words to the sacramental expressions of baptism—they say (I designedly make use of these theo-

logical terms) that God the Father creates, God the Son saves, and God the Holy Ghost sanctifies; whilst others believe that God is God, and Christ is Christ, that no one knoweth the Son but the Father, and that life eternal consists in knowing the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. Well, then, I demand, without multiplying these varieties of faith, these different interpretations of the same sacred code, I demand whether these men may be saved each in his own church, and each by his own faith. This, my brethren, is the question; and, without stopping to observe how astonishing it is we should have to state it after the lapse of eighteen centuries of Christianity, it is but just to require a clear reply.

V. First, the partisans of an exclusive faith and an exclusive salvation—those men who are intolerant with respect to heaven, as they can no longer be so with respect to this world, have no right to refuse the combat, and take refuge in silence—or rather, to be silent is to reply; to be silent is to condemn us; a tacit exclusion is a poor disguise of the rigor of their anathemas; they would speak if they thought they could acquit us; they would rejoice at our confidence if they partook of it; if they placed us among the number of the elect, they would be eager to declare it. Still less can we be satisfied with an evasive answer, which would be merely a veil of charity thrown over eternal condemnation, or perhaps an involuntary and instinctive denial, given by a good heart, to a wretched dogmatism. When I ask if my faith will save me, to reply, "I never judge, I never condemn; God alone is the rewarder and judge; to him alone belongs vengeance; his mercy is immense; I know not how far it may extend, he may have ways of salvation I know not of," is, my brethren, to say nothing, to put us off with mere words, and yet words which have an eternal importance—to shuffle with eternity, to be lost in vagueness, and nothing is less vague than the judgment of God—to amass around me uncertainties, which may terminate in my destruction. A more dexterous evasion, undoubtedly, but which has not the excuse of the ingenuousness of charity, consists in saying, "It is not you that I condemn, but your faith; I do not anathematize your person, but your doctrines; I separate you from them; but them I must reprobate, for they are blasphemous."

What, then, can there be blasphemy without a blasphemer, sacrilegious impostures without an impostor, infidelities without an infidel? Is it falsehood alone which is condemned in the gospel, or the father of lies with it? Is, then, privation, the loss of salvation, something abstract, which concerns theology only and not the theologian, belief and not the believer? What absurd and illusory separation do you attempt between my soul and its faith, between my religion and myself? My faith is myself, and I go whither it leads me—to God, or far from him. How will you, then, contrive to send my doctrine to hell, and me to heaven? Confess, confess you dare not follow out your thought; you dare not pursue your intolerance beyond this world, as we pursue beyond this world the most distant conclusions of our charity. Acknowledge that your heart testifies, in spite of yourself, against your fanaticism; or acknowledge that, in condemning my faith as insufficient for my salvation, you at the same time condemn me. In short, my brethren, it is futile to withhold the sentence, to trust to the future, and to say, "God will enlighten you; his grace is all-sufficient and always ready; at any instant he may convert your heart to the truth. The road to Damascus, where fell Saul the persecutor, passes over every point of the globe; every city contains an Ananias waiting to say to the elect, "Saul, my brother!" and at the last moment of every death-bed, the voice of the good shepherd may recall the lost sheep, and say to him, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The question

which you thus postpone to the future, I bring back to and fix in the present; I suffer it not to be delayed till to-morrow; and I ask whether, without quitting my church and abandoning my faith, in case my soul should be required of me at this very instant, before the last sound of my voice shall have conveyed to you the words which I am uttering, I ask whether my soul will be saved, or if there will be a gulf fixed between you and me? To reply, "Let us wait," is to evade the difficulty, not to remove it; and what you wish thus to hold in suspense is my eternal state.

VI. You see, then, my brethren, we must reply; we must reply both to ourselves and to others; we must pronounce upon the point whether salvation be disseminated through all the churches, or confined to a single one—if only one faith has a title to salvation. 'Tis not a question of curiosity or of science; a question of form or of discipline, which a Christian may, at his pleasure, consider or not, and without uneasiness suffer to slumber as it were, in a corner of his soul. It involves the whole christian religion, the very foundation of the gospel, the fruit itself of the sacrifice of the cross—salvation, eternity. And if, after studying the problem, you adopt the notion of a gulf—if your faith is exclusive—if redemption appears to you a privilege attached to a single creed, then consecrate, without hesitation, your whole life and soul to the incessant labor of proselytism, endeavor, without relaxation, to draw us from our fatal errors, take no repose yourselves, and allow us none, hold continually the torch before our blinded eyes; a ray of light may at last strike them, and the scales fall. Mount to the roofs of our houses, and cry, cry without ceasing so long as your tongue cleaves not to the roof of your mouth. Go from Nineveh to Nineveh, saying and repeating, "In forty days Nineveh will be destroyed." Penetrate into the interior of our families, and point out the reprobate, that the elect may earnestly labor for their conversion. Apply to yourselves the exhortation of St. Paul to Timothy, and be instant in season, and out of season, like Timothy in the midst of the pagan corruptions of Ionia. Compromise nothing; what compromise merits to be balanced against the salvation of a soul, its state for eternity? What is the whole world in comparison; and what discretion, reserve, prudence, human respect, domestic peace, except vanity of vanities, when compared with the conversion of an unbeliever? A happy immortality outweighs all social proprieties of behavior; and make haste, for I am mortal! this night may my soul be required of me! And how will it be, should your voice warn me too late—should the light of salvation shine not on my eyelids till closed in death—should death be more expeditious than you—should your zeal be expended on the tomb of a reprobate? The tomb, according to your belief, is only the first depth of that gulf which will separate us, and from which there is no return. Hasten, then, to detain me on its brink! Yes, an ardent, indefatigable proselytism, which sacrifices everything to the necessity of its triumphs—which respects no intimacy, no affection, no peace, not even that of the death-bed—ought to animate whoever believes in a gulf. Since it suffices not for my salvation to say, "I know whom I have believed," 2 Tim. i. 12, devote your life to the service of my future eternal state, and teach me what I must believe to be saved.

This irrepressible fervor of proselytism will be accompanied by a horrible anxiety. Figure to yourselves, my brethren, the state of mind of that man who is perpetually possessed of the idea that almost all his fellow-creatures are ignorant of the truth which saves, and are lost, without hope, forever! Ye enthusiastic defenders of a faith which engrosses salvation for its adherents alone, I cannot conceive how, with this certainty in your mind,

you can live; I cannot conceive how you can sleep; I cannot conceive how you can smile! Ah, when I behold the least smile straying on your lips, it testifies against you; it proves that you imagine you believe in all these damnations, but that in reality you believe them not. If such a conviction pressed upon your heart, never would it feel a moment's joy; tears of blood would perpetually moisten your eyelids; you would think you could never weep enough, and ease would be unknown to you. What a never-dying worm, corroding all the pleasures of this world, must be the thought, that, at every step we take upon earth, we meet miserable beings lost forever, and who, wholly unconscious of it, are kept at a distance from the light which would save them! And what must be our feelings, if we carry these frightful notions, not only from church to church, but from family to family, into all our friendships and affections, even perhaps into the bosom of our own family? If the principle holds anywhere, it holds everywhere, even under our domestic roof, even around the conjugal hearth and amidst all our kindred. We must pass our days, then, in weakening these ties during life, by inquiring if they will not be altogether broken in eternity; we must pass our days in casting around us a desolating look upon those we love, by seeking to discover which amongst them has the faith of salvation, and which that of perdition. What then! those venerated and beloved parents, who made the duty of respecting their gray hairs so easy for me, and who, at their last hour, gave me their blessing with so much love—because they did not believe as I believe—there will be a gulf fixed between us. And she to whom I gave my name as a pledge of whatever man in the plenitude of his terrestrial royalty can bestow, she who has been the companion of my joys and sorrows, who has wiped the sweat from my brow, and the tears from my eyes, in all my labors and afflictions—there will be a gulf fixed between us! And those children, whom we both of us endeavored to lead to God, to Christ, to the Gospel—those children, whom with a vigilant tenderness we kept aloof from the snares of evil, whose education made us love, more than ever, piety and faith—there will be a gulf fixed between us! Oh, my brethren, if Christianity taught such doctrines, Christianity would be impossible. No, let every man have his own faith and his own salvation. We are all marching towards the same heaven, but every one by his own road. The immensity of the benefit of redemption consists in its applicability to every human individual. Suffer it then to be as extensive as God has made it. The sun of justice, like the perishable sun which lights us, has a ray for every man who beholds it; and faith, instead of widening gulfs between believers ought to close them all and forever; much less open any to prevent the blessed recognitions of eternity.

Do I, then, recommend to you indifference with regard to religion? This question is the last which the subject calls me to examine.

There is a gulf!—it is that which separates the good from the wicked; and to the lowest depth of this gulf (if ever it is allowed to the human mind to assign its degrees, and to speculate upon such terrors) will fall, without doubt, those who, employing for their own profit the great principles of divine toleration, and making a bargain with God, have tried to save themselves by believing as little as possible. Man, my brethren, so ingenious in deceiving himself, in leaning on broken reeds for support, in throwing towards the shores of eternity bridges which will not reach them—man may abuse everything, the justice as well as the goodness of God, revelation as well as the law of nature, the cross as well as the tomb of Jesus; and, by force of insisting on the idea that God will not require of him too much of anything, arrive at the supposition that he will require of him al-

most nothing. Man may sin that grace may abound, and in like manner, he may deny; but in that case is grace to blame, ought he to impute his loss to grace? To infer from the principles of this discourse that error is of equal value with truth, and that all religions are equal, would be to change a remedy into poison. No! error is not of the same value as truth, for all our faculties are connected; and if the faith is deficient in light, so will be the conscience, because it is the truth which sanctifies. The whole history of mankind proves incontestably that the people with whom the religious instinct is obscured, are those amongst whom every vice is developed in the most frightful degree; and, on the contrary, the entire history of Christianity attests that the nations and churches where christian truth shines purest from the cradle to the tomb of all, where the Bible is the family book, are those amongst whom the social and domestic virtues have the most complete dominion. The atheist (if there be one,) the materialist, and the unbeliever, when they seek, by the aid of their moral sense, virtues which sustain them in their error, experience one difficulty, at least, which you have not to encounter: every one is his own legislator. Christ is ours, and at the same time our example. You see, then, error is never equivalent to truth. And all religions are not alike! for your faith is the measure of your salvation. The more you possess the truth in Christ, the more you will obtain salvation by Christ; the place you occupy in the church militant upon earth, marks your future place in the church triumphant in heaven! Your redemption will be proportioned to your knowledge of the Redeemer, and you ought not to be contented with an inferior place, you ought not to rest lower than you are able to ascend; you ought not to reject the lessons of your Savior, to put a bushel over the candle which he has lighted for you, and when he offers "to make all his goodness pass before thee," Exodus xxxiii. 19, to desire him to conceal it in part; you ought not to be only partially reconciled with your Creator. Ignorance of the truth is but a misfortune, which God may repair in that future world where truth is unveiled, and where we shall see him face to face. Rejection of the truth is a crime against the God of truth; it is saying to the Lord instead of to Satan, Get thee behind me! You perceive, then, all religions are not alike; and yet every man may work out his salvation in his own church and by his own faith, on one single condition—sincerity. All this great question terminates in one word—sincerity. That is the seal of salvation; that is the white robe without which no one can be admitted to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. In this world, where so many involuntary errors are amassed around us, inevitable vapors rising towards the sun from a soil polluted with sin, it is a happiness to possess the truth. It is not attainable by all; sincerity is a duty, and possible for all; you will be saved, then, by your faith, but that faith must be really yours. If you say, "I have adopted, without too rigid an inquiry, the faith which has been taught me, and whatever it may be, I am content with it; my ancestors have bequeathed it to me, and to refuse the bequest would be an insult to their memory; this religion satisfied them, and will it satisfy me; it is that of my country, of the majority of my family; I have accepted it with confidence, and if doubts do occasionally occur to my mind, there is no light which may not be momentarily obscured, and I patiently wait until my faith revives; if you say, or if you think thus, or your pretended religion is not yours, you have accepted it as a wreck from the inheritance of your ancestors, it is a legacy of this world, not a treasure of the other, it has already escaped from your heart; you think you have a religion, you have none; and lost in the labyrinth of life and death, you hold still the clue; but it is broken, and the part remain-

ing in your hand will not conduct you to the light. And if you make merchandise of your faith, if you barter it for gold or for honors, if you surrender it in exchange for some hope, for some ambition, for some desire, your pretended christian religion, nominally heavenly, but in fact earthly, your religion will not save you; for it is not really your religion, it is that of your interests, and your passions; you have made it a matter of convenience; it is no longer yours, for you have sold it. And see! you still hold in your hand the thirty pieces of silver it has procured you. Oh, my brethren, all this is perdition, for it is hypocrisy, and the incense of the hypocrite descends from the altar to choke the offerer. Consider, consider then whether your religion be really yours; be your own judges before God; weigh your faith in the balance, and in the opposite scale place sincerity. If your conscience assures you, you do not lie to God, that you are sincere in your relations with him, it is enough! Your sincerity, for its first fruit, will restore peace to your soul, and render your days serene; since nothing is more tranquilizing than to know oneself sincere, and thus to rely upon oneself. This delicious tranquility will accompany you everywhere, in the trials of life, and in the hour of death, from prayer to prayer, from communion to communion; it will be a safeguard of consolation and of joy amidst your most cherished affections; and whatever may be the faith of those around you, relying on the sincerity of your brethren in the same degree as you rely on your own, when the last moment shall arrive you will say, to all the witnesses of your departure, to all the receivers of your last adieus, with the same tranquility as Jesus speaking to Mary: "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

READ THE BIBLE DAILY.

Did you ever know a young man who from choice read a portion in his Bible every morning, to get into bad company during the day, or to be detected in defrauding his employers or in committing crimes against society? There is some difference between the courses of the Novel reader and the Bible reader. Young men—read your Bible daily. Don't forget or neglect this advice.

"CHRISTIAN MESSENGER."

We do not always observe when a volume ends with the Universalist Journals; and therefore we fail sometimes to notice the fact until we see some article calling our attention to it in some other Journal. This was the case recently with the "Christian Messenger," which began a new year a few weeks since. This paper is published in New York, at \$2.00 per annum, and is edited by Mrs. Balch, Bulkeley & Skinner, though the latter will probably soon remove to Boston. We wish the conductors of the "Messenger" success in all laudable undertakings.—*Trumpet.*

Here is a commendable example: Br. Wycoff, of Sabula, Iowa, writes—"We have organized a Universalist Society here; and although we have no preacher, we meet regularly and read a sermon; and have good congregations." Let Universalists everywhere do likewise. Let them organize, and meet regularly every Sabbath, and pray and search the scriptures together, and read a sermon: and the world would soon be converted to a knowledge of the truth.

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MARCH 3, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

REMOVAL.

The inconvenient and in many respects unpleasant location of our Office, in the place at present occupied by us, has long been a subject of complaint with all who have had occasion to call upon us for the transaction of business. It will therefore, no doubt, be specially gratifying to them to learn that we have taken a lease of the store, No. 3, Astor house. We purpose to take possession early in the ensuing month, of our new location, where we shall be happy to see all of our old friends and patrons and we hope many new ones, and to furnish them with any of our publications, or any works they may desire, as it is our intention to keep as complete an assortment of denominational, Sunday School, and Juvenile works, as can be found in the country.

Address, subsequent to the tenth of March, S. C. Bulkeley & Co., No. 3 Astor House, Barclay-street.

FAITH IN THE DEVIL.

Dr. Adam Clarke has said, that it is one of the schemes of Satan to make people believe there is no devil, and some, at the present day, seem inclined to charge the advocates of our faith with infidelity, because we lack faith in the being and attributes of what is generally called the arch fiend, the fearful enemy of man and the opposer of God.

We were recently examining, with a (so-called orthodox) friend, some admirable specimens of carved images and grotesque figures, and among them was a full length portrait of the Devil, corresponding in all its parts with the grim and hideous aspect generally given to this diabolic personage, in pictures and paintings.

Our friend pointed to the monster, remarking, "your people do not believe in any devil."

We need not detail the conversation that ensued, for our readers are acquainted with the views of Universalists on this matter. Yet it seems to us that a defective standard of judging, in regard to the religious opinions of opponents, is here observable.

Does it follow because we do not adopt and maintain the common belief respecting the Devil, that we believe in no devil, and deny the Scriptures which speak of him? It would appear that this is the rule by which we are judged, at least in some cases. Let us try this method: Are we to be classed with Atheists, for not believing that God exists in three persons, equal in power and glory? Must we be called Humanitarians or Deists, for denying that Jesus is the "very Lord, and the Supreme Jehovah? Or shall it be said, we deny there is any hell because our opinions on this subject do not coincide with the more general views?

Take as another example the doctrine of Repentance. Will it be said that we disregard all that is said on this subject by John and Christ and the Apostles, because we may differ from some others in our opinions as to what repentance is, and what it is to effect?

The same may be said of the Atonement and other kindred topics connected with the Christian system. A candid, unpre-

judiced judgment, it seems to me, would not cry out in the spirit of the ancient Pharisee, "Crucify him, crucify him," and decide that we reject the doctrines of Jesus. When, therefore, it becomes necessary to speak of an opponent's faith, let it not be said that he denies the Bible, that he rejects the doctrines of Christ and his apostles, simply because he may entertain an honest difference not involving a blind or wicked unbelief.

B. B. H.

SECTARIAN EDUCATION FOR THE WEST.

A plan was devised, some years ago, to collect, *prepare*, and send teachers to the Western States. A society has been organized for that purpose, with ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, a run-down politician, at its head. It assumed the imposing title of a society for "National Popular Education."

In accordance with the plan, Gov. S. went through the East and lectured in all the principal towns upon the *wants* of the West, the vast influence that portion of our country is destined to exert, the value of education, &c. &c., all of which was made very plausible, and money was easily raised to pay *his* salary, and carry out the objects of the society. Young women were induced to offer themselves for teachers, and such as were prepared were dispatched to their places of destination, to the number of one hundred and ten, their expenses and wages being paid by the Society. Those who were not fitted, were sent to school to gain the necessary qualifications. A Committee for that purpose has been established at Hartford, Ct., which is composed of three ladies, appointed by the board, who receive and decide upon the qualifications of applicants, and give the necessary instructions, preparatory to their departure for the field of labor in the New States.

Now all this appears very well, very loving towards our poor neighbors "out West." It shows a kind and watchful concern on the part of those acting in it. Who will not favor such a humane project for the enlightenment of the valley of the Mississippi? Who will say a word against such a stupendous scheme of philanthropy? "*National Popular Education!*" What can appeal in stronger terms to the heads, and hearts, and pockets of Americans? We are proud of our schools—our Common Schools. We glory in the general diffusion of knowledge. It is the strength of our Republic.

But somehow, from jealousy or otherwise, we have come to feel a sort of instinctive distrust of all movements kept exclusively within the control of the church. We cannot tell why, but, from the first, we have had suspicions that there was something *back* which was not made apparent—some object ulterior to "*popular education*" at the bottom of this movement. And we have several times had too strong confirmation of all we had suspected, and more. We gave our opinion in the outset, that there was a snake in the grass, that sectarianism was coiling itself about this movement, and preparing to strike its venom where least expected. We know it was denied, and the main object insisted on. But we had known of him who was at the head. An intriguing politician rarely makes an honest man or a sincere christian. It has been proved, at different times, that ladies of the most thorough education and irreproachable character, who were known to be first rate teachers, have been rejected, for reasons not given; while those of far inferior qualifications were accepted. After a while it was found that these rejections were in cases where they did not give in their adherence to "*Orthodox doctrines*," or were not members of "*Evangelical*" churches. Cases of this kind have been made public. But, to set the matter at rest, we ask attention to the following

paragraph, from the "Circular" of William Slade, dated Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 22, 1849:

"The Board has sent out teachers, indiscriminately, from the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal denominations, from all which it is hoped applications will continue to be made. We desire to make this, *practically*, a Union movement."

That is what we call the coolest kind of impertinence, not to say impudence, we ever heard of under the fair pretensions of "National Popular Education." Will the American people tolerate such a system of Jesuitism—the selection and rearing of young women to go forth in the name of "national" education to indoctrinate the youth of our New States in the peculiar dogmas of certain churches? Will the people in those States submit to such arrogant intermeddling with the culture of their children? Will they submit to such disguises, such gross deception? Will they suffer schools to be established in the name of "popular education" while the design is to inculcate particular religious views? It is hoped they have too much self-respect, too great a love for honesty and frankness to submit to such base imposition.

What is this but the adoption of the plan of Ignatius Loyola, in a modified form? It has hitherto been the glory of our "National Popular Education" that it is *unsectarian*. The laws of many States forbid all interference in matters of religious faith. We know not how it is in the New States, but presume that matter is properly guarded. If these teachers go out and set up "Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational" schools, according to the name of the sect from which they are taken, we will not object. They have a right to do so. But we beg of them not to call it "National Popular Education." Call it *Sectarian Education, Evangelical, Orthodox*, any thing but *National and Popular*. Those terms have been appropriated to a better use. Let not the public be deceived by the abuse of them. Our Western editors should inquire into this matter, and speak out in reference to it. They will soon learn whether things are called by their right names or not: and the people will know how to act.

W. S. B.

POSTURE IN PRAYER.

Br. Drew, of the Banner, has had a good deal to say about the posture worshippers should assume during prayer. He has no patience to tolerate the practice of *sitting*, but thinks the congregation should "join with the preacher in *posture*, as well as in heart," when he leads in prayer.

He quotes the following resolution, passed by the "Penobscot (Congregational) Conference:"

"Resolved, That as the practice of sitting in public prayer is *unscriptural, unreasonable, unnecessary*, (except to the infirm,) *contrary to the usages of the primitive church*, and in many ways of *injurious influence*, it ought to be *discountenanced* in our congregations."

We confess there is something in the attitude assumed during the time of prayer. It was a long time before we could feel right to see a congregation remain sitting through that service; not that we ever attached anything really wrong to the practice, but we were unused to it. From our childhood we had been accustomed to see people rise, while the seats of the square pews hung with iron staples, went *clitter clatter* all over the "meeting house," and remain standing till the preacher said "Amen." Sometimes, when the prayer was too intolerably long, the old folks would let down a seat, making all ring, and sit down.

The Methodists came among us, and all who were *genuine* used to kneel, as a proof of their humility and devotion—the

most ancient, except prostration, and, perhaps, the most proper attitude for that service. But to see people *sit* in prayer, appeared to us positively irreverent. Use, however, has familiarized us to the custom, and we feel as devotional sitting as while standing or kneeling.

There is one thing we most decidedly disapprove, the assumption of a careless, heedless attitude, looking about the congregation, adjusting one's hair or costume, or nestling about as if discontented. It appears to us more proper, more devotional, to have the congregation lean slightly forward, bow their heads, and close their eyes. The effect of such a manner is more favorable to a close communion with one's heart, and with God the searcher of hearts, and makes a better impression upon the thoughtless and irreverent. We wish our congregations would adopt the practice here suggested. The result would prove its importance.

In Germany, every man on entering the church, stops before his seat, puts the rim of his hat to his forehead, repeats silently a short prayer, and then sits down. The women lean forward and repeat an invocation. The effect is decidedly favorable. It makes one feel solemn and devotional, and is appropriate to the place. It helps to prepare the mind for the services which are to follow. People should help to kindle a spirit of true worship in their own souls, and not depend altogether upon the preacher.

W. S. B.

QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

BRETHREN:—I wish to add a word to your commendation of the *Universalist Quarterly Review*. I am pleased with the improvement in the work, which appears in the article on "Religious and Ecclesiastical Affairs." It is to make a permanent feature in the work hereafter it seems; and to most readers it will be a valuable addition to its usefulness and interest. I have long thought that something of this character should be embodied in the publication. We wish to know, and ought to know, what is going on outside of our denominational limits, as well as within them. We like to see what other sects are doing; how the current of Theological study and inquiry runs with them; in what direction, to what results, and with what degree of rapidity. Now this quarterly collection of religious statistics, this record of their plans, their means, and their strength, will keep us well informed on these points. And then the table of contents from the principal Reviews and Magazines of other denominations, with brief critical notes on the design and value of the various articles, is another most excellent feature, and is alone worth the price of the publication to our ministers and Theological Students.

The contents of the January number are very valuable and well suited to the times. Br. Balch's article contains information which ought to be in the possession of every preacher, and as to that of every layman in the country. The article on "Sects, Creeds and Fellowship," is a plain, sound and useful production. I am glad to see the initials of old father Turner in this number. His contribution is one that will be generally welcomed, and it is to be hoped that it is only the introduction to more. And who would not be glad to hear from all those long alienated brethren—Dean, Hudson, Adin Ballou, &c? I have not room to speak of Br. Chapin's article as it deserves, or that of Br. Washburn on Charles Lamb, or the excellent one of Br. L. C. Brown. I hope the Editor will keep these writers in the harness.

Before closing, I cannot but express my sorrow for, and my gratitude to, Br. Tompkins, who after a loss of a thousand dollars in publishing the Quarterly, still perseveres, hoping against hope. Few men would do it in these times. And is it not astonishing that there are *four hundred* clergymen among us

who are not subscribers to the work? I cannot understand it; for even if they do not want it for the good they might derive from it, I should think they would have enough pride, or feel enough interest in the Theological Literature of our denomination, to contribute the sum of two dollars towards sustaining it. And where are our able laymen, who might subscribe as well as not? How many copies are taken in New York, and Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh? And how many ought to be taken, and might be, if there was a will and the right kind of feeling?

T. B. T.

TRIUMPHANT AND HAPPY DEATH.

DIED, at Frankfort, Herkimer Co., N. Y., on the evening of the 7th ult., of Consumption, Miss Mary Jane Holmes, aged 25 years.

In the death of this young lady the community suffers the loss of one of its most useful members, the Universalist society is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, while the faith of a world's salvation receives the highest encomium that could be bestowed upon it, by the peace, the joy and the triumph it imparted to the dying youth, as she was about to take her leave of earth and all its attractions. She was the sister of Wm. B. Holmes, Esq., a young and enterprising lawyer of the same place, who died of the same disease some three years since, and whose death was noticed at the time. Miss Holmes had been a believer in the doctrine of Universal Salvation for several years, and always distinguished for the deep sympathies, the broad charities, and the expansive benevolence of her heart. She deeply sympathized with all that were afflicted, and could never withhold assistance from any whom it was in her power to aid.

Consumption, that insidious destroyer, had marked her as its prey long before she could be made to believe that any serious disease was upon her. We saw her several times during her decline and sickness, and conversed with her freely on the subject of her approaching dissolution. At first (sometime, we believe, in November) she seemed unwilling to believe she should never recover and enjoy good health again. We did not conceal from her our belief that she had but a short time to remain here. But the thought of death seemed painful to her. Not that she feared to die, as she said, for she was not afraid of death, nor of any thing beyond it. But to die so young, with life just opening before her with all its charms and attractions—to leave this beautiful world and all its splendors, and lie down in the still, cold grave—it was a sad, a melancholy thought, and if God could permit, it she would gladly recover. But when the hectic flush upon the cheek, and the cold night sweat, and the distressing cough, and the labored and painful respiration, told her, from day to day and from week to week, that the sands of life were fast ebbing away, and that health could never again be hers in this world, she turned her thoughts more entirely to God, and her hopes more constantly to another world. She sought communion with her Father in Heaven, and he gave her that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." As we called to see her from time to time, and, as death approached nearer and nearer, we were happy to find her more and more resigned, stronger and stronger in faith, as the body grew weaker towards its dissolution. The last time we saw her living, was the Sabbath before her death. She was then waiting for her change, and anxious for the hour to come when her emancipated soul, freed from its clay tabernacle, should soar to mansions in the skies. She said she seemed to see her departed brother, sister and kindred in heaven, waiting for her arrival with outstretched and open arms, to welcome her home, and she longed to go to her rest. She said she should never see me again in this world, but

she should in another. She desired I would preach her funeral sermon, and had selected the text from which I should preach it, viz: Rom. xi. 32, 33. "For God hath concluded them all in unbelief that he might have mercy upon all. O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." On the evening of her death, while her kindred and friends around her dying pillow, were weeping for her early exit, she told them not to weep and take on thus, for she was happy, and soon to be far happier. She did not wish a tear shed nor a sigh heaved for her. She desired rather that they should rejoice that her sufferings were over, and she was going to rest forever.

Some three or four clergymen, Methodists, Baptists, &c., called on her during her sickness, and strove, but in vain, to shake her confidence in the glorious doctrine in which she believed and found so much consolation. But her steadfast soul knew no fear; and they were satisfied that whether her faith was right or not, they had not the power of altering or shaking it, or disturbing the calm serenity of soul with which she approached the spirit world. Her mother is a strong and zealous Baptist, but seeing the strong faith and happy death of her daughter, she could not doubt but what she died a Christian, and is happy in the land of glory,

"Where she shall bathe her weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across her peaceful breast."

D. S.

TENDENCY OF DOCTRINES.

Believers in endless misery say, that were it not for their faith they would commit all manner of sin. If such is the fact, one thing is certain, viz: They have not been converted; for he that is converted has put on the new man, and is created anew in the likeness of Christ. They have still their old hearts, which are full of deceitful lusts. Their doctrine, then, fails to do the work ascribed to the Gospel; for that is the power of God unto salvation.

FAITH.

The self-styled philosophers of the present day are perpetually decrying faith. How unlike the Apostles. Paul says, Without faith it is impossible to please God; and he bids people to take heed, that they have not an evil heart of unbelief. Thus the philosophy of the Apostles was unlike that of our modern philosophers.

ZEAL.

It is good, says Paul, to be zealously affected always in a good thing. We would ask our friends, what is so good as the cause of Universal grace? In proportion as it prevails, sinners are converted, saints encouraged, and mourners comforted. Why, then, not be zealous in it? Why not work for it constantly, earnestly, and perseveringly? Why not give it our aid in every way we can devise? Indifferent Christians are an evil to any sect.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.—The second No. of this excellent Monthly most amply sustains the high character of which the first gave promise. The choice variety of well-written articles which fill its pages, the chaste and beautiful engravings, and the elegance of its *tout ensemble*, must render it a welcome visitor in the parlor, and commend it to the favor of the lovers of the beautiful in Literature and Art.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

BOSTON UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting in Boston, Feb. 21st. Br. J. G. Adams, Corresponding Secretary, submitted an interesting report which was unanimously adopted and ordered to be printed. By this it appeared that Br. G. Strickland had labored faithfully in the service of the Society during a part of the year, and Br. A. R. Abbott a part of the year. The services of both however, amounted to not more than about six months, so that the Society had had a Missionary not more than half of the time. The labors of Br. Strickland were very efficient, and did much to advance the objects of the Missionary cause. In one place, Tyngsboro', Mass, he awakened so much interest, that the friends had settled Br. Wm. Hooper, and were now enjoying the benefit of stated preaching.

Last Spring the attention of the Societies within the limits of the Association, was called to the subject of forming auxiliary Missionary Societies. One was formed in Salem, and one in Medford. There was also one formed in the first Society in Boston. Measures are now in progress for the formation of such societies in Roxbury, the 2d Church in Boston, and in Malden. Collections have been taken up in several of the Societies.

Br. Adams said that three things were essential in order to make the missionary cause prosper: First, Ministers should present its claims to their people; second, Auxiliary Societies should be formed; third, Editors and correspondents of papers should write often upon it.

In May last the Society held a fair in Boston, the proceeds of which amounted to \$700. This was got up by the ladies of the several Societies in Boston and vicinity. The leader in this noble movement was Mr. A. Tompkins, whose energy, and counsel, and liberality, did much to accomplish the cheering result. Br. J. G. Adams was an efficient co-worker with him.

By the report of the Treasurer, Mr. A. Tompkins, it appeared that the Society had received during the year, \$958.39. It had paid out \$396.40, leaving a balance on hand of \$561.99. The amount on hand is owing to the fact, that the Society has had no agent in its employ for the last six months in the year; and unless more is raised the coming year than has been raised the past, it will hardly meet its expenses. But more can be raised. Indeed, double the amount can be raised without difficulty. It is proposed to hold another general Fair, and to have auxiliary Societies formed in all our Churches. The proceeds raised in these ways, together with the amount obtained by annual collections, will enable the society to do a noble work.

Br. A. R. Abbott gave an address before the friends in the evening. It was an able production, strong in argument, and correct in its views and aims.

O. A. S.

TWELVE LECTURES ON Comparative Embryology, delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, December and January, 1848-9, by Louis Agassiz.—Every lover of the beautiful, the wonderful, the instructive in nature, should not neglect these lectures. Nothing is better calculated to heighten our conception of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, than to study his works. Professor Agassiz is truly a wonderful man.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The March number of this Magazine is unusually interesting. The embellishments are in the neatest style of the art.

The Foreign Letter is deferred till next week on account of the length of Mr. Coquerel's Sermon.

MR. COQUEREL'S SERMON.

We publish, to-day, the sermon we some time since promised our readers. It will be read with interest and satisfaction. Mr. C. is one of the most popular preachers in Paris, if not in France. He was, for several years, settled over a French congregation in Amsterdam, but is now located in the capital of his native land. He is a man of fine mind, and superior theological attainments. He is eminently practical, entering warmly into the progressive movements of the age; and yet exercising his good judgment to keep clear of the extravagances into which some of the less thoughtful have run. He sympathized in the revolution of last year, and was elected a Representative to the National Assembly from the Department of the Seine. He has distinguished himself as a correct and judicious legislator, as well as a popular orator.

Mr. C. is a decided Universalist. But the position which he occupies does not require the distinct avowal of that faith in a way to give it prominence over other principles of christian doctrine. He belongs to the National Reformed Church, which has in its fellowship preachers of the various shades of opinion which form sects in this country. Until the past fall, that church was united; though signs of growing dissatisfaction have from time to time been manifested. It was in reference to one of these movements that the Sermon on our first page was preached.

Mr. C. gives us the following circumstances which called it forth:

This sermon was delivered in the Temple de l'Oratoire the 3d of May 1840, and a great number of the members of the church have expressed a desire that it should be printed. I did not foresee it would become, in so short a time, a discourse particularly called for, and that I should, by the advice of several of my colleagues whose opinions have most weight with me, have been urged to publish it as a protest against errors the most anti-protestant which have for a long time afflicted and troubled protestantism. On Wednesday the 6th May, the pastoral conferences of 1840 were opened, and in those assemblies Methodism unreservedly declared itself. The persons acknowledged as its principal organs, and placed at the head of the institution which has taken the name of the "Evangelical Society of France," have expressed themselves with perfect frankness. Their declaration may be summed up in the points following:

"1st. Our doctrines are essentially exclusive, because they alone lead to salvation.

"2dly. It is blasphemous to contradict these doctrines.

"3dly. The object of the Methodist pastors, and especially of those who are attached to the Evangelical Society, is to expel from the reformed churches those pastors who do not hold their opinions.

"4thly. We will act with the consistories, without the consistories, and in spite of the consistories."

These assertions, both in substance and form, were not merely produced in the heat of debate, but their authors declared they could not retract them, after forty-eight hours' reflection, and after meditation and prayer to God. Such declarations as have just been read, will appear so extraordinary, that it is necessary to add, I have not trusted to my own memory alone; the summary which has been given was drawn up by me in concert with ten of the pastors not holding exclusive opinions, and who were present at the conferences.

These facts speak sufficiently for themselves, and I simply add two reflections.

The court of Rome, in a papal brief addressed to the bishops of Bavaria, dated the 27th May, 1232, confirms the following decision of the council of Cirta: "Whoever is out of the bosom of the Catholic church, however praiseworthy his conduct in other respects may appear, will not enjoy eternal life." What difference is there between this anathema of the court of Rome and the declaration of certain pastors, that the doctrines of some of their colleagues lead to perdition?

In spite of this bull—the last, if we mistake not, which consecrates the wretched dogma, "Out of the church there is no salvation!"—innumerable sincere catholics, both clergy and laity,

renounce that doctrine. Is it not lamentable to find protestant ministers adopting it?

It may be said, Why disclose these aberrations, these melancholy differences? Because to be silent is to abdicate one's functions, to desert the cause of the gospel, of liberty, and of the faith; to be silent is to become an accomplice of intolerance, and to contribute, without intending it, to the substitution of a church shackled in its faith, for the reformed church of France, which is free. The sole remedy for such evils, the sole defence against such attacks, is publicity. No other weapon is worthy of the truth, and it is openly we purpose combating for the cause of heaven.

Let the pastors, the consistories, and the congregations, judge between us and decide, remembering that, according to St. James, (iv. 11,) "He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law; but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge."

REV. T. J. SAWYER.

Our readers, especially those in the city, will feel interested in the announcement that this distinguished and faithful minister has declined to accept the invitation given him to return to the city. We need not state, nor do we know all the grounds on which Br. S. has come to such a decision.

But from what we know of him, we may hesitate not to say, that he has been guided by that uniform and deep sense of duty and good judgment which have justly been awarded him by those who are best acquainted with his character. He does not love the causeless, for which he has long, and successfully labored, nor has his affection for the Society and friends worshipping in Orchard-street, become less; but there are considerations we doubt not, clustering about the position which he now occupies, his home, his school, his parish, the very graves of his loved ones, which have aided in bringing him to the present conclusion.

The Society feels a twofold loss in being obliged to part with their late Pastor whom they respected and loved; and in abandoning the cherished hope that Br. Sawyer could be prevailed on to return. Another shepherd, however, can be obtained for this fold, and our prayer is, that God in his providence may send one who will lead them into pastures as green and nourishing, and to waters as pure, as those they have had for the last eighteen years.

R. B. H.

A MISSIONARY FOR CALIFORNIA.

It will be seen by the following from Br. Alpheus Bull, formerly of Orange county, that he is about to start for California, a self-constituted missionary. We have been acquainted with Br. B. for several years. He is a good and devoted brother, and if his eyes do not get bedazzled with the glittering dust, so as to warp his judgment, he will do good service in "them diggings." There will be great need, we apprehend, of the restraining and moral power of Christianity in that new country, which presents such attractions to the cupidity of the world. And there will be those who will need its consolations and hopes to prepare them to set their affections on the more durable riches in Christ Jesus—the glories of the upper world. We wish our Brother health, and a prosperous and useful journey.

"DAYTON, Indiana, Feb. 7, 1849.

BR. BALCH:—These few lines will be handed to you by my brother. They will inform you of my intention of going to California, a self-constituted missionary. I go after the manner of the old patriot, who, in the Revolutionary war, had the love of liberty so great, he could not condescend to go under the orders of any mortal: so he "fought on his own hook." I go under the auspices of no mortal society—no document to show that I was sent out by the "home" or "foreign missionary society." It was my intention to send you a notice of this before, but I

have been too busy. I go with twenty good and true men. Some are friends to our cause. I wish you to direct the Messenger to San Francisco, and I shall send you all the important news of a religious nature that I find in that wild region. It was our design not to have left here until the first of April, but we have changed our minds and shall leave about the first of March, and cross Mexico. I wish to see the country, and do what I can for God's truth in that wonderful land."

CONFERENCE AT PITTSTOWN.

BRETHREN:—Not having seen any account of the Conference of our Association in Pittstown, I thought I would write a brief notice, and record the fact that, according to previous notice, said Conference was held in the above named place, on the 10th and 11th of January. Pittstown lies east of Troy, about fifteen miles; and though the country was entirely covered with snow, which prevented me from obtaining a personal knowledge of the character of the soil, yet I judge it to be a good farming region, from the fact that it contains many thrifty and intelligent farmers. I found, also, that some attention had been paid to morals and religion—evidence of which I saw and gathered during the meeting. Although the weather was extremely cold—perhaps the coldest that has occurred this winter—yet quite a respectable number assembled on the occasion, who gave good attention to the word spoken, and who exhibited a very praiseworthy degree of zeal in the promotion of the cause of truth. A fair representation of ministering brethren was also present, viz: Brs. Patterson, Tuttle, Waggoner, Gage, Hewes, Aspinwall, and Corliss, all of whom except the last named, delivered messages of faith and love, and, I trust, to the advancement of the cause and kingdom of Christ. On Wednesday evening, after a profitable sermon from Br. Patterson, we enjoyed an interesting conference season, in which Brs. Corliss, Aspinwall, Tuttle, Waggoner, and two lay brethren, took part.

The society in Pittstown and the region round about, have for some considerable time, I believe, been destitute of the regular preaching of our faith, until recently. They now have been fortunate in securing the services of Br. Corliss, who, I believe, labors half the time in Pittstown, and the remainder in the vicinity; and from what I saw and heard, I judge he is doing a good work for our cause. I have not the least doubt that, if the brethren faithfully stand by him and co-operate with him in his efforts, by word and work, to honor and advance the truth, the time is not far distant when the banner of love and good will to all men, will float triumphant in all that region. So mote it be.

J. A. A.

REMOVAL.

In consequence of ill health, which has been increasing for more than two years, Br. G. S. Abbott left his Society in Boston and removed to Watertown, Jefferson Co., New York, with a view of laboring on a farm.

He will probably be able to preach occasionally to the vacant Societies in that region. All communications intended for him, should be addressed accordingly. Will the Trumpet, Star in the West, Watchman and Guardian, please copy.

WM. B. BRITT, No. 30 Genesee st., Utica, will act as our agent for the Magazine and Advocate. Names of new subscribers, and those who wish to renew their subscription, may be left with him at his printing office, at which place, we are desired to say, he executes printing neatly and promptly, in all its departments.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of several recent communications from some of our esteemed writers. We are grateful for their remembrance of us. Not to particularize, we are always ready to receive, from our clerical or lay writers, such articles as they may deem adapted to the great objects of a religious journal. They know what our "reserved rights" are, and if any of their productions fail to appear in the paper, let them not say their labor is lost. If two write on the same subject, we shall select the one we consider the best; and if any article is omitted from any other cause, we trust our motives will be understood and our judgment approved. Let our ministering brethren, especially, bear in mind one injunction of the Gospel they preach, "Do good and communicate."

Our preachers, who are with us, "set for the defence of the Gospel," have many gems in their written or skeleton sermons, that the world has not yet seen. Let us have them, that others besides the little parish flock may be comforted, and edified, and improved.

THE WORKING FARMER.

This is the title of a new "Monthly," just issued from the press of Kingman & Cross, Clinton Hall, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets. It is edited by Prof. J. J. Mapes, long and favorably known in the community as a practical and scientific man, being an excellent chemist and a sound philosopher.

The February number comes to us with 32 pages of closely printed matter, good type, quarto form, and it is devoted to the interests of the farmer. To gardeners, and all those employed in tilling the earth, to such as are desirous of improving their lands and of becoming acquainted with the best modes of farming, this magazine will be of invaluable service.

The price of subscription is but fifty cents per annum, and all advertisements are to be excluded, that the whole paper may be occupied with useful and practical matter. If the copy before us is a specimen of what the future numbers are to be, no man that owns or occupies an acre of land in the United States should be without a copy.

We have received a sermon from Br. Loveland, delivered in Hartland, Vt., on the occasion of his son's ordination. It is a valuable production, like everything which comes from the pen of that Br., and we shall lay it before our readers as soon as we serve out some short articles we have in hand.

REPORTS AND ADDRESSES of James H. Titus, upon the subject of Capital punishment.—Those who are interested in the subject, will find these reports and addresses valuable in statistics and in argument.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Recent intelligence from Corpus Christi, received at New-Orleans, shows that the gold fever is spreading rapidly over Mexico. Mr. Redmond, the partner of Mr. Mann, merchant of that place, who has just returned from a trading tour through the northern provinces of Mexico, states that large numbers of Mexicans have started for the placers of California. English, Scotch, and Mexican miners have invested large amounts of money in equipping and sending over their parties to bring away the precious metals, and the number already en route for the "diggings" has been estimated at 15,000! That these figures are large enough to astonish one, under ordinary circumstances, I cannot deny; but when we take into consideration the

great excitement on this subject, with our own people, this statement can the more readily be credited; besides a Mexican is always equipped for long overland journeys, and will be on his road while an American is settling a question of practicality, as to whether he will go by land or water, in a steamer or in a carriage and four.

Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

RESIGNATION.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

If Thou, my God, my steps 'mid flowers shall lead,
Thanks for Thy mercy to Thy throne shall speed;
If piercing thorns and stones bestrew my way,
Still thanks to Thee my heart and lips shall pray!
My anguished bosom each complaint shall shun—
Thy will, oh God! and not mine own be done!

Thou, far my truest peace, my lasting good,
Hast joy or grief with wisest hand bestowed;
Thou know'st my wishes ere they are exprest,
And giv'st me all that for my good is best!
For this my bosom each complaint shall shun—
Thy will, oh God! and not mine own be done!

O may I feel, in sorrow's darkest hour,
When doubt and weakness all my soul o'er power,
That Thou, my God, dost love me, and that Thou
E'er chastenest those Thou lovest here below!
Oh may my bosom all complaining shun—
Thy will, oh God! and not mine own be done!

"I WISH I COULD DO SOME GOOD."

Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter were sitting at work one morning, when the latter, who had been sewing steadily for some time, stopped her work, and sat with her head leaning upon her hand, apparently in earnest thought: her mother was wondering what subject was uppermost in the mind of her daughter, but did not interrupt her reverie. The silence was at length broken by Alice, who exclaimed, "Oh mother! I do wish I could do some good in the world, like Miss Fry and Miss Dix; only think how much good has been done by them not only to those whom they visited, but I suppose there will be no end to their influence upon people who have never even heard their names. I wish I could be greatly good, like them!"

"My dear Alice," replied her mother, "every being in the world has his or her sphere of duty, and if it be faithfully fulfilled, no matter how humble it may be, nothing more is to be expected or desired. There are very few who are called upon to leave the seclusion of the domestic hearth, and labor for the general good; if each person would perform the duties that lie directly in her path, she would find sufficient to employ both heart and mind."

"But it is so much easier, mother, to perform the every day duties of life, than to go among the sick and the wicked, as these ladies have done."

"Easier, Alice, easier? Do you think it an easy thing to perform the every day duties of life?"

"I do not know as it is easy, mother, but we expect of course to do it."

"Then your desire is, to do something out of the common course. But you must be cautious not to neglect

that which is expected of you, for, in so doing, you would be committing actual sin."

"Do you think Miss Fry did wrong in visiting the prisons?"

"Oh, no, my child; we do not learn that any of those ladies whose names are before the public as having ministered to the wants of those who had none to look to them, neglected any private duty. But what is right and praiseworthy for one person to do would be contrary for another. Let me give you an incident which will illustrate my meaning.

"The parents of a family in one of our Southern cities died, one soon after the other, leaving a family of five children, the oldest a son aged twenty, and the second a daughter of eighteen. The others were boys. Anna Selwyn had received a thorough education; was well versed in the common branches of knowledge, skilled in music and painting; and, what is more uncommon among the young ladies of the South, she was an excellent house-keeper. She was well fitted to take her mother's place at the head of the family, and to make her home a pleasant and attractive one to her brothers. But Anna, who was a Catholic, wished to become a Sister of Charity, and by spending her time in nursing the sick, and relieving the wants of the poor, to devote her life to the service of her Creator. It was in vain that her brother represented to her, that her duty lay in her home—that her younger brothers required all her care, and that he himself was unwilling to be thrown upon the world, as he must be, if she deserted them. "Oh, no, Anna!" said Charles, "let sisterly affection preserve the family altar and let us still be worshippers at its shrine, as when our parents were living." But she was not to be persuaded. She said her duty called her to devote herself to the poor, and accordingly she became a Sister of Charity, and was known for several years as a most efficient member of that order of nuns."

"But what became of her brothers?" inquired Alice, who was deeply interested.

"The youngest was placed at a boarding school, and Henry, a lad of fifteen, entered a store. He was one who yielded easily to temptation, and as he was compelled to find his home in a boarding-house, he found associates who gradually led him into all kinds of vice, and after taking money from his employer, for which crime he was five years in prison, he died at the age of twenty-four, a disgrace to himself, and to all who had the misfortune to be related to him. The younger ones are living. Now the eldest seems to have no thought of anything but himself. He is so entirely selfish that nobody cares for him; and, though rich, the pleasure of being charitable, which gave so much pleasure to his sister, is wholly unknown to him—a natural consequence of being educated where none of the sympathies of the heart are called into exercise, as they are in a happy home. Charles, who, though young when his parents died, yet possessed firm principles, married at an early age, and took the youngest child home, at the request of his wife, who bestowed upon him a sister's duty.

"Had not Anna so mistaken her path of duty, the probability is, that Henry might now be a useful member of society, instead of filling a drunkard's grave; and had William been in the daily habit of receiving and reciprocating the numberless little favors, which members of a household cannot avoid, his views would be more enlarged, and he would not think of his own comfort alone."

"Is Anna living, mother?" asked Alice.

"No, my dear, she died at the age of twenty-six, from the effects of a fever, which she took from a patient she was nursing; and though she was extolled to the skies by all who knew her only as the devoted, self-sacrificing Sister of Charity, yet there were some who felt that she

might have done better by remaining in the sphere in which Providence had placed her, and fulfilling her duties towards those who had a natural claim upon her. In that case, too, her life might have been spared, and a much longer career of usefulness have been her portion.

"An instance of an opposite nature recurs to my mind which I will relate to you, unless you are tired; you have been sewing long enough to feel quite fatigued."

"Oh no, mother; I should never be tired with sewing, if I could listen to your delightful stories all the while. Do pray tell it to me."

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Lincoln, "do you remember asking me, as we were riding yesterday, who lived in the large brown house, which looked so cool and comfortable, surrounded as it was with trees?"

"Yes, mother, and there was a lady passing through the gateway, who spoke to you, that you said was Miss Gray, a sister of the gentleman who lived in the house. What a pleasant smile she had! I love to think of her face, it was so benevolent. I should fancy Miss Fry very much such a person."

"It is a sketch of that lady's life, Alice, which I am about to give you. The mother of Mary Gray died when she was exactly your age, just entering upon her sixteenth year, leaving beside this daughter a son, the one who lives in that house, and who is three years her junior, and a little boy who was hardly four. The father died before little Willie was born, and during her mother's long illness, Mary took the charge of the family. After her death, one of her paternal uncles offered to take Mary and Willie into his house, and advised that George should be placed at school. Mary thanked her uncle, but declined his offer, saying she should prefer, as there was sufficient property to maintain them comfortably, to continue in the house and keep her brothers at home. There were many who shook their heads at her decision, saying it was presumptuous for so young a girl to think of undertaking the care of two such boys, beside the direction of the household. But Mary proved equal to the charge she had assumed: she was quiet and gentle, but possessed of firmness and perseverance. She knew she must encounter many difficulties, but she relied upon her Heavenly Father to give her strength to surmount them. The result of her devotion, has repaid her for all her exertions. William has been taken into partnership by the merchant with whom he served his time, and George is respected as a useful citizen, an excellent husband and judicious parent. They both say that all they are in life they owe to the untiring care and unceasing watchfulness of their devoted sister. When I think of her, as I saw her once, with Willie in her lap when he was six years old, suffering from disease, in all the irritability of fever and recall her gentle tones, as she soothed his impatience and lulled him to sleep, without allowing one word of complaint to pass her lips, and seeming as if it never entered her heart to feel herself weary of her arduous duties, I feel as if she was almost an object of reverence.

"Do you not think, Alice that Mary Gray, though her name is never heard beyond the circle in which she belongs, has done as much good in the world as Anna Selwyn?"

"Yes, indeed, mother; and Mary did no harm, while Anna, though doing good in one way, by neglecting her brothers really did wrong."

"Yes, and remember, my daughter, that every maiden, by fulfilling her duties as daughter and sister, is preparing herself to discharge those duties of wife and mother; and the influence which she exerts in all these relations, even upon future generations, can hardly be imagined. Every act of our lives has an effect for good or evil, not only upon ourselves, but upon others. Sweet Mary Gray! May you, my Alice, like her faithfully perform

all your quiet home duties, and, when our life on earth is closed, may you deserve the commendation, and truly which no higher can be bestowed, and which may so truly be said of her, "She hath done what she could!"

THE PRISON'S INMATE.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Shut out from observation, and removed by their crimes from sympathy, we rarely think of the lonely inmates of a dreary prison. Yet now and then some one looks in upon them, and reveals a secret of their gloomy abode. We occasionally get a glance at the wretch who has been cut off from an intercourse with his fellows, and are enabled to study human nature under one of the most painful circumstances that can affect man's moral feelings; and though we may regret the stern necessity, yet we can never but acknowledge the justice of that punishment which frees society from danger and degradation. I have been led to these reflections by observing an account in the United States Gazette, of a visit to the old "Walnut Street Prison," a gloomy looking structure which stands at the corner of Walnut and Sixth-streets, previous to the removal of its inmates. Several incidents are reported, and among them the following:

The keeper paused with his visitors before the cell of a poor creature, who had been confined there for ten long years. After having held some conversation with the prisoner, we were about leaving him, when the following touching incident occurred. It tells its own story eloquently:

Having answered the questions which he put to us on important subjects, with what little ability we had, and added the advice which mankind are more ready to give than to follow, we prepared to depart; a slight flush came to the cheek of the prisoner as he pressed his forehead against the bars of his cell, and his hand, which from long absence from labor and from light had bleached to the lustre of infancy, was thrust through the aperture, not to seize ours, nor meanly to solicit it, but rather as if in hope that accident might favor him with a contact. Man, leprous with crime, is humane, and a warm touch of pity passed with electric swiftness to the heart. Tears from that fountain that had been long dried up, fell fast, and heavy upon the dungeon floor.

The keeper moved away from the grate, and we were about to follow, when the prisoner said in a low voice: "One word more, if you please. You seem to understand these things. Do the spirits of the departed ever come back to witness the actions and situations of the living?"

"Many people believe it," we replied, "and the Scripture says that there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth on earth. It may, therefore, be true."

"It may be," said the man. "My poor, poor mother?"

"My poor, poor mother!" How much was involved in that touching sentence, uttered under circumstances so deeply painful! how much of wretchedness! how much of hope! Blackened with crime, as was the soul of that man—hardened with iniquity, one spot remained untainted—one green island bloomed afar off in the desert of his mind. A mother's affection—a mother's undying love, could not be forgotten, and by that slender cord, He whose compassion for his erring children never wearies, held him back from utter destruction. In that thought of, and regard for, his mother, reposed the germ of all good. In that resided the power by which even the condemned criminal might be elevated to heaven. Let the mother never weary—the seed sown early upon the heart of her child may become fruitful, after many years of sin and folly.

EARLY LIFE OF JOHN WELSH.

Mr. John Welch was born a gentleman, his father being Laird of Collieston (an estate rather competent than large, in the shire of Nithsdale) about the year 1570, the dawning of our Reformation being then but dark. He was a rich example of grace and mercy, but the night went before the day, being a most hopeles extravagant boy. It was not enough to him frequently, when he was a young stripling, to run away from the school, and play the truant: but after he had passed his grammar, and was come to be a youth, he left the school and his father's house, and went and joined himself to the thieves on the English Border, who lived by robbing the two nations; and amongst them he stayed till he spent a suit of clothes. Then when he was clothed only with rags, the prodigal's misery brought him to the prodigal's resolution; so he resolved to return to his father's house, but durst not adventure, till he should interpose a reconciler. So, in his return homeward, he took Dumfries in his way, where he had an aunt, one Agnes Forsyth; and with her he diverted some days, earnestly entreating her to reconcile him to his father. While he lurked in her house, his father came providentially to the house to salute his cousin Mrs. Forsyth; and after they had talked awhile, she asked him whether ever he had heard any news of his son John. To her he replied with great grief, "O cruel woman, how can you name his name to me? the first news I expect to hear of him is that he is, hanged for a thief." She answered, many a profligate boy had become a virtuous man and comforted him. He insisted upon his sad complaint but asked whether she knew his lost son was yet alive; she answered yes, he was, and she hoped he should prove a better man than he was a boy; and with that, she called upon him to come to his father. He came weeping, and kneeled, beseeching his father, for Christ's sake, to pardon his misbehavior, and deeply engaged to be a new man. His father reproached him and threatened him; yet at length, by the boy's tears and Mrs. Forsyth's importunities, he was persuaded to a reconciliation. The boy entreated his father to put him to college, and there to try his behavior, and if ever thereafter he should break, he said he should be content his father should disclaim him forever. So his father carried him home, and put him to the college, and there he became a diligent student of great expectation and showed himself a sincere convert, and so he proceeded to the ministry.—*Life of John Welsh.*

THE SCRUPULOUS LANDLADY.

The following anecdote, (says a western paper) which we have never seen in print, we heard related by Rev. Dr. —, President of a Western College.

A celebrated Universalist preacher, who had been making a good deal of noise in a certain part of Ohio, was traveling, late in the day, in a region of country in which his name was well known. At the close of day, he arrived at a country tavern, dismounted his horse, and entered the house. Here he was consoling himself for his fatigue with the prospect of taking his ease in this inn, when the landlady entered into conversation with him. When he told her that his name was F —, she asked him if he knew F —, the Universalist preacher.

"I am the same F —," said he.

"You are that F —!" exclaimed she; "well you can't stay in this house—you must go."

"But, my good madam, see how late it is; and I am very much fatigued."

"Can't help it—I won't encourage such doings as you're carrying on—start as quick as possible."

"But madam, to turn me away now would be cruel—where shall I stay to-night?"

"I don't know, but I can't keep you here—so it's no use talking."

Finding he could effect nothing by expostulation, the preacher, perhaps thinking the lady might form an exception to her general rule, mounted his horse, and rode till he came to a house whose owners were not so scrupulous.

About a year afterwards he was traveling in the same region, and rode to the tavern from which he had been so unceremoniously ejected. On this occasion, he determined, before dismounting, to ascertain whether he could be permitted to stay. The landlady came out at his call, and immediately recognized him.

"Madam, can you accommodate me with lodgings to-night?" said he.

"You are F——, the Universalist preacher, are you not?"

"Yes, madam, but I have changed my opinions somewhat since I saw you; on investigating the matter more carefully, I have come to the conclusion that just one hundred and forty-four thousand will be lost."

The landlady assumed a thoughtful attitude; then suddenly raising her head, she said:

"Well, I reckon you may come in—that's better than nothing!"

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child
In its first fresh impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sun set clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the West with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the fair golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips; and putting up her hands
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father, God has made a star!"

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

I love it,—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the trill of a bird at the soft twilight's hush;

Floating up on the breeze like the tone of a bell,
Or the music that swells in the heart of a shell—
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the pleasantest sound in the world for me!

THE LITTLE GIRL'S HEART.

Every little girl who reads this dialogue may suppose, if she pleases, that we have selected and printed it to help her learn something more about her heart.

"Pa" said Mary suddenly, one day after she had been thinking for some time, "Pa, what does heart mean? When you talk about heart, I can't think of anything but those gingerbread hearts that we eat."

"You know, dear, that your heart is not anything which you can see."

"Oh yes pa, I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like?"

"You know there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'give me your heart,' he means, 'love me.'"

"Pa, it seems to me as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how."

"You know how to love me don't you?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"But I never told you how to love me."

"Oh, but that is very different."

"Different—how?"

"Why, papa, I see you, and know all about you, and you love me."

"Do you love nobody that you have never seen Maria?"

"I don't know; yes, to be sure, I love grandpa and uncle George and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, papa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents."

"So I have talked to you about God, and you know that I love Him, and he has made you more presents than anybody in the world. Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you anything, and whom none of us have ever seen. Don't you remember little Henry and his Bearer?"

"Yes, papa, I love Henry, I am sure."

"You see then it is possible to love the character of people whom you have never seen. Now the character of God is infinitely lovely: he deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents, he has given you food and clothing, and health, and friends: he has watched over you by night and by day, and when you were sick he has made you well; and now when he comes to you after all this, and says, 'My daughter give me thine heart, you say, 'No, I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters; but I cannot love God who gave them all to me.'"

"Oh, papa, I will, I do love him," replied Maria with fervor.

"Perhaps you think so, Maria."

"Oh, I shall always love him, I know I shall."

"Her father smiled.

"Papa, you cannot see into my heart—how do you know that I do not love God?"—*Index.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S CURSE.

I saw him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady, with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy slight desire, formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting

at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next late in the evening, in the street unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next, reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more—he was pale, cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish.

His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given birth to such a child.

Agricultural Department.

AGRICULTURE.

This term, in its genuine signification means nothing more nor less than the artificial preparation of the soil for the annual production of those vegetables and grains which, in the various climates of our earth are required for the sustenance and support of man. It is naturally divided into two distinct branches, respectively designated by the terms "chemical" and "mechanical"—the former having reference to the application of those energising and ameliorating substances which tend to the immediate increase or augmentation of its productive capacities, by imbuing its mineral particles with the nutritious properties and juices of animal and vegetable excrements; or by calling into vigorous and effective operation, those alimentary properties with which, in a state of nature, it is originally enriched. The latter has reference to "the tillage of the soil," the amelioration of the earthy constitution of the earth by the frequent stirring and thorough disintegration of its corpuscles—a result ordinarily effected by ploughing, digging, or otherwise lightening its texture so as to afford a favorable medium for the establishment and ramification of the embryo roots of such productions as it is required to sustain, whether vegetables or grains.

By the scientific agriculturist, manure is recognized as operating in two ways: first, by imparting to the soil those fructifying and emendatory juices of which it was before deficient, and which are essential to the healthy development and sustenance of the plant; secondly, by the action it induces among the materials constituting the mineral and organized masses of the soil—effecting their decomposition and recombination under new features, and imbuing with new energies more expressly adapted for the immediate administration of their nutritional qualities to the sustenance of the growing crop. They are certain substances which, when applied to the soil, seem obviously to produce but one of these results; while others, applied for the same purpose, appear to produce both. When the agriculturist applies animal excrement or mineral matter of any sort to the soil, and an increased crop of grass is the result, he logically infers that the application has benefitted i. e., in other words, has enriched, the soil. This, indeed, is the object aimed at,—yet it may be important to the practical agriculturist to ascertain more definitely the specification of the substance applied; to know, in short, what description of manure or matter may be best adapted to certain crops, as well as what kind will be most permanent in its effects upon the soil. The laws of chemistry in association with those of geology and mineralogy unfold to us the theory of manures, and the correct modus

operandi of their application. "It is only by such knowledge," observes a distinguished writer, "that we can account for various facts of much importance, and which, to all appearance, are contradictory." And by this means only shall we be enabled to make a prudent, or actually judicious selection of those materials which are used for the enrichment and fructification of the soil when worked for the benefit and support of man.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

NEW YORK UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The above named Society will hold a public meeting in the vestry of the Murray-street Church, on Thursday evening of next week. All friends of the Missionary cause are invited to attend.

HENRY LYON, Secretary.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Messrs. Mudge and Corliss, credit S. Whitney \$1 for current Vol. U, Miscellany, and charge this office.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Eleventh Lecture on Europe will be given in the Bleecker-street Church to-morrow evening. Subject, FRANCE.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in New Haven, next Sunday (to-morrow), at the usual hours of service.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Portchester, N. Y., first Sunday in March, and evenings as follows: Mile Square, March 2d; Rye, 3d; Mamaroneck, 4th; Poundridge, 5th; Vista, 6th.

MARRIAGES.

In Walton, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. J. S. Pettingill, Dr. D. Peabody, of Delhi, and Miss Mary St. John, daughter of T. J. St. John, Esq., of Walton.

In Boston Erie Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, by Rev. G. S. Abbott, Mr. Horace Perkins, to Miss Maria B. Morris, of Randolph.

By the same, in Caiden, Feb. 8th, Mr. Marvel Aldrich, of Boston to Miss Rhocrea Southwick, of the former place.

New-York Cattle Market...Tuesday, Feb. 19.

At market 1,400 Beef Cattle, (500 Southern, remainder this State,) 75 Cows and Calves, and 2,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The market continues firm at the prices of last week and the extremely cold weather prevalent will have a tendency to maintain them. The supplies were much more numerous than those for the previous week. The sales were mostly \$7 to \$9, per cwt. Extra brings from \$9 50 to \$10. About 200 head left over.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sold at from \$23 50 to \$30a\$50. All sold.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—At \$1 75 to \$5 50a6 25, as in quality. Left over 300.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 50a6 12	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	12a13
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 32	" Prime, "	\$7 50a8 00
" Western, "	1 00a1 08	Lard, per lb.,	6 3-4
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2 38	Cheese, "	7 1-4a7 3-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	60a64	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	20a22
" mixed, "	53a54	" Western, "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	45a47	" Ohio Common,	11a12
Rye, "	67	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	32a37	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 05	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	11 50a11 75	" " fine, "	1 20a1 35
" Prime, "	\$11 25	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	59a62	Timothy Seed, tierce,	17a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a6 3-4
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 22